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THE ROSE DALE BOOKS



EASY READING
FOR THE DEAR LITTLE ONES





IDA HOLDING SHAG. Page 106.



FIVE HAPPY CHILDREN.

THIRD OF THE ROSE DALE BOOKS.

EASY READING

FOR THE DEAR LITTLE ONES.

BY

MRS. D. P. SANFORD,

AUTHOR OF "PUSSY TIP-TOES' FAMILY," "FRISK AND HIS FLOCK," "STORIES OF
CORA'S CHILDHOOD," "UNDER THE SKYLIGHT, AND OTHER STORIES FOR
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FIVE HAPPY CHILDREN.



I.

HERE WE ARE A-GAIN.

How do you do, dear lit-tle read-ers? So, I see, you are not tired with read-ing the two thick books I have made for you be-fore, but you want to hear more of our lit-tle friends, Rose, Tom, Ned, I-da, and ba-by Bell.

But it may be that this book

may come in-to the hands of some who have not seen the oth-er Rose Dale books.

That these may know what our sto-ry is a-bout, I will say that Rose, Tom, Ned, and ba-by Bell were the chil-dren of Mr. and Mrs. Dale, who lived at a place called Brook-side, near a large town.

They had a dear Aunt Kate and Un-cle Will, who went off to spend the win-ter at the warm South, in the hope that Un-cle Will might

get well there, for he had been sick and weak a long time.

I-da was their dear lit-tle girl, who was left with her kind friends at Brook-side, while they were gone.

Then I may have some-thing to say of Mrs. Bond, and of Miss El-la Bond, who taught a lit-tle school near by, and of her sis-ters, Lu-cy and A-my.

And I shall speak of Mike, who worked for Mr. Dale; and of his wife, O-ney; and of Ruth and Jane.

But if you want to know all that has been told of the Brook-side folks, you must get the two oth-er books, and read them.

We left them, at the end of the last book, just at the hap-py Christ-mas time.

It was a hap-py time to them all, though they could not but think of the dear friends, I-da's sick pa-pa, and her dear mam-ma, who had but just left them, to sail off on the sea, and were then far a-way.

It was a hap-py time, I say ; for they all knew that the good God who cared for them, and loved them so much, would keep the far-off ones in His hand, and do for them just what was best.

For “He makes all things to work for good to those who love Him.”

The week af-ter Christ-mas was full of joy and fun to the young ones.

School was not to be-gin till af-ter New Year’s Day ; so there was a nice time to play.

They had all their fresh new toys and gifts to play with indoors. And, more than that, the day af-ter Christ-mas there was a snow-storm, which made fine sleigh-ing once more.

It was fine for a boy's sled, too; and Tom had nice times with his sled; there was quite a slope from the barn down to the lot where hay was made in sum-mer, and this was just the place to slide.

When it was not too cold, mam-ma let all the lit-tle ones go out

there ; and Tom was kind with his sled — he let all have a turn.

Ned and I-da could not steer well, for they were too small. So first Tom would take Ned on with him, and slide down the hill, and then Rose would take I-da on with her, and slide down.

But Rose and Tom were not ver-y big them-selves, and once in a while they would run the sled in-to the bank, or on a stone, and o-ver they would go, like lit-tle dump-lings, in-to the snow. But

they had such thick, warm wraps on that it did not hurt them, and they would jump up, and laugh, and try a-gain.

That would be the best way to do, e-ven if they were hurt a lit-tle bit; it does no good to cry when one is hurt — does it?

I know a boy, who, if he chance to get a splin-ter in his hand, or a lit-tle cut from his knife, or some such hurt, will cry and roar so that you would think he must be half killed.

And I know an-oth-er boy, who, when he gets hurt, will come in, and sit down, and say, "Mam-ma, please look at this." Once his mam-ma was at work, and did not hear what he said, at first, he was so still ; but she looked at him, and saw that he was pale, and that he held his foot with his hand ; and then she found that he had hurt his toe a good deal, and that it must be bound up with care.

Which do you think you would like best, the boy who roars when

he is hurt, or the boy who keeps still, and bears it like a man?

Lit-tle I-da did not for-get her pa-pa and mam-ma. She of-ten took a pic-ture of them to look at, and would kiss it, and hug it, and say, "Pa-pa and mam-ma, come home!"

When a let-ter came from her mam-ma, she stood quite still to hear it read, and then she asked for the let-ter, and held it in her hand a long time.

But the lit-tle girl was ver-y

hap-py in her new home. The chil-dren were as kind to her as they could be, and I-da loved her aunt-y next best to her mam-ma.

She was as fun-ny as ev-er, and of-ten made them all laugh, with her talk.

One day she had a pic-ture book to look at, just as it grew dark. When she could not see well, she called out to Jane, —

“Jane, won’t you take down a lamp, and make a fire in it, so I can see to read my book?”

Once, when she was in the kitch-en, Ruth was mak-ing bread; I-da stood to see her knead it, and she be-gan to laugh, and said, "O, see Ruth *fight* the bread!"

Some-times Ruth gave her a bit of dough to work with, and she liked this so much that Mike made her a lit-tle roll-ing pin, and a board to roll her cakes on. Ruth said this would do to keep her bus-y, when Rose and Tom had to go to school.

II.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

“PA-PA,” said Rose, “do you know that my birth-day will come af-ter one day more?”

One week of the new year had gone when Rose said this. Her birth-day was the tenth day of the first month of the year; do you know the name of that month?

Can you say the names of all the months of the year? Fun-ny

names some of them are — are they not ?

“ My lit-tle girl’s birth-day ! ” said pa-pa ; “ and how old will she be then — five ? ”

“ O, no, indeed ! I am more than five. Why, *Tom* is a good deal more than five, pa-pa ; I shall be *sev-en* years old ! ” And Rose drew her-self up, as tall as she could, to let pa-pa see what a great girl she had grown to be.

“ Sev-en years old ! Then I shall owe you sev-en kiss-es, and sev-en cents, I sup-pose ! ”

“I don’t think you will owe them, pa-pa; but I shall like to have them.”

“Well, and how is this birth-day to be kept?”

“O, such a nice way, pa-pa! Mam-ma says I may have all the chil-dren of our school here to tea, and Miss El-la says she will let school out at noon that day; so they will all have time to get read-y, and come ear-ly. *Won’t* we have fun?”

“I hope you will, my sev-en-

year-old pet; I hope you will have fun, and joy, too.

“But there is some-thing else that I shall want you to think of, my dear child.”

“What is it, pa-pa? I will try not to for-get, if you will tell me.”

“To whom is your life giv-en, Rose? Whom did we prom-ise you should love and serve all the days of your life?”

“God,” said the lit-tle girl.

“Well, dear, I want you to think, when your birth-day comes,

and now that it is so near, how God has giv-en you sev-en hap-py years of your life, and thank Him for this.

“Think, too, how ma-ny times you have for-got-ten that your life be-longs to Him, and have not loved Him, nor done His will, as His lit-tle child ought to do.

“And pray God with all your heart, that He will help you, in this new year of your life, to do al-ways such things as please Him.

“Do you know what I mean, my dar-ling?”

“Yes, pa-pa, I know ; and I mean to think of this, the first thing, on my birth-day, be-fore I go to play.”

“That is right. And now, let me see! In the morn-ing, when I go to town, you must tie a string on my fin-ger, so I shall not forget to bring home some things which I am sure man ma will want, to help make a feast for so ma-ny young ones.

“And, if I could coax Mrs. White to let me put her lit-tle Lou

in my coat pock-et, and bring her home on the birth-day, to help your par-ty, I sup-pose you would be glad to see her.”

“O, pa-pa, you could not put Lou in your pock-et; she is as big as I am. But *will* you bring her home with you? O, that will be so nice! But I hope you will come at noon.”

“Yes, if Lou can come, I will come home at noon; but you will not want to see *me* so soon, if I can-not get Lou to come, hey?”

“O, yes, in-deed, you best pa-pa in all the world! *Will* you come home in time for my par-ty?”

“I will try to, Miss Rose, since you have asked me,” said pa-pa, with a bow, which made Rose laugh.

Then she ran to tell Tom what pa-pa had said; and I-da, too; for I-da knew Lou White; she lived next door to her in town.

The next day seemed long to Rose; but it went by, and so did the night, and the birth-day came at last.

III.

THE PAR-TY.

It was a fine day, — not so cold as it had been, — and the sun shone on the snow, and made all look gay. It was just the day for a lit-tle girl's birth-day — one that came in the win-ter.

Rose and Tom went to school, and tried to be as good as they could be. "We ought to," said Rose, "for Miss El-la is so kind to let us out at noon."

A-my Bond gave Rose a good hug, when she came in. "You dear Rose," said she, "I hope you will have the best birth-day that ev-er was! *Isn't* it nice that we are all to go to your house?"

They did not have a re-cess that morn-ing, but they all worked just like a hive of bees, to do all their les-sons be-fore noon. And they did '*most*' all of them.

"Now be sure to come as soon as two o'clock," said Rose to all the rest, as they put on their things.

Rose and Tom ran home in great haste, to see if Lou White had come.

Yes, she saw them from the win-dow, and ran to meet them.

“O, Rose!” “O, Lou! I am so glad your mam-ma let you come!”

“So am I; and I am to stay all night. Won’t we have lots of fun?”

“And, Rose, I have seen your ba-by sis-ter, and your mam-ma let me hold her. *Isn’t* she sweet?”

And you have got I-da here, too, the lit-tle dar-ling! I should think you would be so hap-py!

“And O, Rose, I for-got! Mam-ma sent you a lit-tle birth-day gift.”

Lou had to stop to take breath, she had talked so fast.

She ran to get the gift for Rose. It was a dear lit-tle al-bum, that would hold just twen-ty pic-tures, and it had a re-al good pic-ture of Lou in it, to be-gin with, and one of I-da.

“O,” how nice!” cried Rose.
“How kind your mam-ma is!
But where did she get the pic-ture
of I-da? It is just like the one
we have, in mam-ma’s big al-bum.”

“The man kept one, in a case,
at his rooms; and mam-ma saw it
there, and got him to print one to
put in your book. But you have
not seen all!”

“Why!” said Rose; and she
turned o-ver the leaves, and, to be
sure, there was one on the first
page. It was a pic-ture of Dr.

Grey, the good min-is-ter of the church to which Lou went, as well as Rose.

“O, O, there is Dr. Grey! How good he looks! just as he does in church! O, I must run and show mam-ma; she has not got a-ny pic-ture of him in her book.”

Rose was so pleased with her al-bum, that she had to be called twice to din-ner.

“Come, Rose,” said pa-pa, “you will not be read-y, now, in time for your lit-tle friends, if you do not come now.”

When din-ner was done, they all had to be washed and dressed, clean and nice, for the par-ty.

All but Lou; she *came* all in good trim, and looked as sweet as a pink.

Ba-by Bell, too, had on a nice, clean slip, so that she might go down to the par-ty, for Rose was sure they would all want to see her.

Lu-cy and A-my had been to see her, twice; but Nell Ray and Fred had not seen her at all.

A-bout as soon as all were dressed, the door-bell rang, and in came Nell and Fred. Then came John Wilde, and his sis-ter Bess. Their *name* was Wilde, but they were not wild. O, no! they were dear good chil-dren.

Then came Fan-ny Smith and lit-tle Ben. Ben did not go to school; he was near the age of Ned, and a nice mate for him. And then Nat Hale came in. He felt shy at first, but he soon got o-ver it.

In fact, they were all shy at first, and sat round the room, as if they did not dare to run and play.

But then mam-ma came down with the ba-by, and all came round to see her. And then Rose ran to get her al-bum, to show to the girls and boys.

And by that time pa-pa came in, and it did not take him long to stir them up, I can tell you; he was so fun-ny!

When he had made them all

laugh so they could but just stand, he left them to play, and it was not hard then to get up a good game.

Tom's rock-ing horse had been brought down in-to the par-lor, and little Ben Smith asked to ride. Some one had to help him on, but then he rode with all his might, so that his curls flew all a-bout his head.

Ned had nev-er been on the horse to ride. He thought he should fall. But when he saw

Ben hold on so well, who was but a month old-er than he, he be-gan to think he could do it, too.

His mam-ma helped him on, to try, when Ben had rode as long as he want-ed to, and Ned liked his ride so well, that from that time he rode two or three times a day, and found it fine sport.

All the dolls were down in the par-lor, of course, I-da's new doll with the rest; and the lit-tle girls of the par-ty had a great time with them.

When it was five o'clock, they were called out to tea.

How bright all the eyes were at sight of the pret-ty ta-ble ! for Mrs. Dale had set it out with nice Chi-na and glass, to please the young folks.

There were no rich cakes, or tarts, or such things, that would be sure to hurt them ; but a nice feast of fruit, light cakes, sweet bunnns, and oth-er good things, which they might eat with-out harm.

The chil-dren were ver-y hap-py at their feast, for none of them were rude, and e-ven the lit-tle three-year-old tots seemed to think they must act like grown-up folks, at a birth-day par-ty.

When the feast was done, and all had had as much as they want-ed, they went back to the par-lor, to have one or two more games.

Rose had wound up her box, to make it play sweet tunes, and the chil-dren all liked to hear it so

much that she took it out, and let it play while they were at tea.

But now they let it stop, for Mrs. Dale said she would play for them.

They were to play a game which is a kind of Hide and Seek.

This is the way to play it. All go out of the room who are to seek for the thing which is hid — say three or four. Then the rest hide it in some place, and one at the pi-a-no be-gins to play.

Then those who are to seek

come in, and be-gin their hunt. If they come near the place where the thing is hid, the mu-sic sounds loud, and the near-er they get to it, the loud-er it is. But if they go off from the right place, the mu-sic grows soft and faint, till, when they are far from the spot, you can but just hear it.

The young folks all liked this game. They took the lit-tle black doll that Tom gave to Rose, to hide, and when they found it, they would shout, "I spy Top-sy!"

When Top-sy had been sought and found a good ma-ny times, they let her rest. Then Mrs. Dale said, "Who will come and sing?"

They sang "Three Lit-tle Kittens," and "Old Dog Tray," and some oth-er songs.

Then they sang two or three sweet hymns, that they all knew.

And by that time it was time to go home. The Smiths' sleigh came for them, and they took Nat Hale. Mike got up his team to take the rest.

All but Lou. Of course she was to stay all night. Rose slept with her, in a spare room. And so end-ed her birth-day.

IV.

AL-MOST SPRING.

OF the next two months I have not much to tell, for it was a quiet time at Brook-side.

Rose and Tom did not miss a day at school. They were both well, and when the road was bad for them to walk, Mike took them in the sleigh, or in the bug-gy.

Two or three times, Ned and I-da went with them to school.

They liked to go, and Miss El-la and the chil-dren liked to see them come.

But Mrs. Dale did not let them go of-ten, for fear they would put out the or-der of the school. For you know,

“ It makes the chil-dren laugh and play,
To see such pets at school.”

That is not just as the song has it, but it is as true of a pet with two feet, as it is of a lamb.

I-da's chief joy at home was ba-by Bell. She grew fast, and

was as good as could be. I-da liked to make her smile, and to see her in her bath, and to bring her socks, and her slip, and her lit-tle brush, when she was be-ing dressed.

When ba-by went to sleep, I-da would of-ten bring one of her dolls, and lay it in the cra-dle by her.

Good news came from the South, — the Land of Flow-ers, as they call it, — where I-da's pa-pa and mam-ma were. Her pa-pa be-gan

to grow bet-ter as soon as he was there, and he was so much bet-ter



that they had good hope that he would come home in the spring quite strong and well.

“Mam-ma,” said lit-tle Ned, one day, “I wish I could have a birth-day, as Rose did.”

“Why, my dear, you do have a birth-day each year; you have had three birth-days, and by and by you will have one a-gain.”

“Shall *I* have a birth-day this year, mam-ma?” asked Tom.

“Yes, most sure-ly you will, if you live to see it, my boy.”

“O, how soon will it be?”

“In June, when the ro-ses are out, and the straw-ber-ries are ripe. Is not that a nice time for a birth-day?”

“Yes, ma’am; and then I shall

be six; why, I shall be 'most as old as Rose! and I am 'most as big *now*; see, mam-ma!"

"When shall I have *my* birthday?" asked Ned.

"In one month more, dear; yours comes in A-pril."

"O," said Tom, "how I do wish this black mud would go, and let the green grass come a-gain. I wish sum-mer would come."

"You must wait, my dear boy, and bear with the black mud a while. You have had a good deal

of fun with the snow — have you not ?”

“O, yes, I like the snow, when it is so that my sled will go on it; but I don’t like the dirty stuff it is now.”

“But the snow can-not go all at once; it must melt, to make way for the grass; and as it melts, there must be mud.

“If you like the snow in the cold days, you should not be vexed with it when it goes off in the best way it can.”

“ Well, I shall be glad when we can play out-doors a-gain.”

“ Yes, we will all be glad when the sweet spring time comes. And look, Tom ; these few warm days have made the grass look green on that sun-ny bank ; do you see ? Soon the mud will dry off, and all will be green once more.”

Tom found one nice thing to do, while the mud staid.

It was not too cold now for him to play in the barn, or in the shed.

The days grew long-er, too ; so he had some hours, when school was out, be-fore dark.

So Mike made him a work-bench, in one cor-ner of the large barn, — a low bench, at which he could stand to work with his tools, as he had seen Mr. Betts, the join-er, do.

Here he had his box of tools, which was one of his Christ-mas gifts ; and when Mike had time, he would show him how to use them.

Tom found it fine fun to try to

make things with his tools. He made a boat, with a mast; and then he got Rose to take her work-box and hem a sail for it. Then they had leave to float it in a tub.

Then Ned want-ed a boat, too; and Tom made him one, just as nice as his own.

Next, he made a doll's chair for Rose, and one for I-da. Odd look-ing chairs they were, to be sure; but the lit-tle girls were quite proud of them, as Tom had made them him-self.

Mam-ma got a nice bit of green chintz from her piece chest, and made the chairs look quite fine. They were *strong* — Tom was sure of that, for he put whole rows of nails in each of them.

So, with all these dear lit-tle chil-dren had to make them happy, at school and at home, at work and at play, they had no need to mind the wind, and rain, and mud. They might well wait till the good God should send the spring.

V.

THE DAY BA-BY WENT TO CHURCH.

I HAVE told you, in the oth-er books, that the Dales had no church near them, and they had to go in-to the town, two or three miles, to church.

When Aunt Kate was at home, they went to her house to stay at noon, so they could go a-gain to church in the af-ter-noon.

But now her house was shut up.

They all missed kind Aunt Kate and Un-cle Will, ver-y much ; but more than all on Sun-days.

Rose said it did not seem like go-ing to church, now they could not go to Aunt Kate's at noon.

But her pa-pa said, " I hope, my dar-ling, you will soon learn to feel that the church is our Fath-er's house, and that you will love to go there, bet-ter than to the house of a-ny friend on earth.

" Good King Da-vid used to say, ' I was glad when they said un-to

me, Let us go to the house of the Lord.' And we must try to feel so too."

Some-times they went to Mrs. White's to stay at noon, and some-times they staid in the Sun-day school room, to eat a lunch, and then walked out a lit-tle. Some-times they came home at noon.

The chil-dren were sor-ry not to go to church twice; but it was a long time to wait, and on these days pa-pa thought it best to come home.

The day ba-by Bell went to church, they did so.

This good pa-pa and mam-ma had been wait-ing for a day when it was not too cold to take ba-by in-to town; for they wished to take their dear lit-tle child to church, to give her to God, and pray Him to make her His own dear child.

At last there came a bright Sun-day, when the wind did not blow hard, and the roads were not too bad.

Then pa-pa said, "Now, mam-ma, we can take ba-by to-day, I think."

And ba-by's mam-ma was glad, and she be-gan at once to get read-y.

All the lit-tle ones went, for they did not wish to miss see-ing the dear ba-by bap-tized.

I-da and Ned did not laugh, but sat still in their seats.

Dear lit-tle Bell was still, too; she did not cry at all, but once she said, "Ah-goo!" in her soft, happy way.

When Dr. Grey called her name, Is-a-bel, a-loud, Rose and Tom looked at each oth-er, with a glad look. They liked to hear the dear ba-by's name called in church.

Ba-by was ta-ken round to Mrs. White's house, un-til church was out, and then they all came home.

Rose said, "I wish I might stay with Lou, and go to church this af-ter-noon."

And Mrs. White said, "Can you not let her stay?"

But mam-ma said, "I do not

think it best, my love. Mrs. White is ver-y kind, and some oth-er time you shall come and see Lou; but we want you to go home with us to-day.”

I know why Mrs. Dale did not want Rose to stay at Mrs. White's all the rest of Sun-day. But Rose did not know, and in her heart she thought her mam-ma *might* let her stay, when it was to go to church a-gain.

Did she pout her lips, and look vexed?

At first she felt like it, but then she came to a bet-ter mind, and felt that pa-pa and mam-ma must know best, though she *did* not see why they did not let her stay.

“Well,” said pa-pa, as they drove home, “*some* day I hope we shall have a church near us, and then we need not fail to go twice a day.”

“O, pa-pa, do you think we shall have a re-al church of our own ? ”

“I hope so, dear; some of us

mean to try for it; and we mean to 'Try, try a-gain,' un-til we see it built."

"I hope," said mam-ma, "that the next time ba-by Bell goes to church, it will be to a church at Brook-side."

VI.

NED'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE days went on, and each one was a wee bit long-er than the last. The mud was all gone, and the grass was now quite a bright green, and was grow-ing fast.

Soon the birds be-gan to sing, with all their might, as if to say, "We are come; do you hear us? The spring time has come, and we are glad."

So were the lit-tle chil-dren glad. O, what joy it was to play out of doors all the time, for so Ned and I-da did, and to see Mike dig and plant the gar-den.

Mike was full of work now, but, bus-y as he was, he could al-ways talk to the lit-tle ones, and they had a great deal to say to him, and a great ma-ny things to ask a-bout.

One day Rose came fly-ing in-to the house, and said, "O, mam-ma, did you know that the cab Ned

used to have, when he was a baby, is up in the loft ? ”

“ Why, yes, I knew it ; where did you think it was ? ”

“ Why, I for-got all a-bout it ; and it was up a-mong such a lot of things, that I have not seen it when I have been up there be-fore.

“ But now, mam-ma, can’t we have it down, and draw ba-by out in the yard ? ”

“ Yes, we will get it down, dear, and have it put in or-der ; it wants some mend-ing. But do you think

I can trust *you* to draw ba-by out?
I do not think you are quite old
e-nough for that.”

“O, I wish you would try me
just once, mam-ma; I would take
such care of her! And, you
know, Tom could draw the cab,
and I could hold on by the side of
it, to see that it did not tip.”

“It is made so that it can-not
tip, if you draw it with care.
Well, then, you may ask Mike to
get it down, and we will see what
it needs to make it all right.”

Four young ones ran to find Mike, and, with such a troop after him, he had to go at once.

Down came the cab, and the children all took a look at it, to see what was to be mended.

“I see,” said Mike; “it wants a screw here; but I will set it right, as quick as a cat can lick her ear.”

In fact, it did not take him much more time than that; and then he put I-da in it, and Tom and Ned drew it to the house, with Rose to push.

“Here it is, mam-ma; now please put on Bell’s hood and cloak, and let us try her.”

Mam-ma came out to look at the cab, and to dust it, and put a pil-low in it, and then she put on ba-by’s things, and tied her in the cab, and let the young team draw her up and down the broad walk in front of the house.

It made the chil-dren half wild with joy to get the ba-by out with them. Tom and Rose drew the cab with great care, and Ned and

I-da went, with a skip and a hop,
round and round it, and cried,
“*Isn't* it nice to come out doors,
ba-by ? ”

When mam-ma thought she had
been out as long as she ought, she
came to get her.

“May we take her a-gain, some
time, mam-ma ? ” asked Rose.

“Yes, you have ta-ken nice care
of her. Why, this has been such
a treat to you all, that we ought to
have kept it to hon-or Ned's birth-
day with.”

“O, that is to-mor-row,” cried Rose. “I am so glad there is no school! What can we do to keep it, mam-ma?”

“We will try to think of some nice thing to do, to make the little boy hap-py,” said mam-ma.

Mike was by, and heard this. He had come round to train up some vines.

When the chil-dren were off at some-thing else, he came to speak to Mrs. Dale.

“I was think-ing, ma'am,” said

he; "Mr. Dale wants me to drive o-ver to the Park Farm some day soon, and if I could make out to go to-mor-row, would you let the chil-der go, too? There's ma-ny things would please them at the farm,—a young calf or two, and such like; and that would be a way to keep the birth-day," said Mike, with a smile.

Mam-ma thought it was a nice plan, but told Mike not to speak of it to the young folks till they could see if it were a fit day to take them.

VII.

THE PARK FARM.

THE next day proved a fine, warm day. It was the last day of the week, and so there was no school; and the last day of A-pril; so it was Ned's birth-day, and he was four years old.

When the chil-dren heard of Mike's plan, they were in great glee, you may be sure.

They set off for the farm by

nine. It was three miles off, and a fine drive.

Mrs. Park, at the farm, was fond of chil-dren, and was glad to see the load that Mike had in his wag-on.

She came out to help lift them down. "One, two, three, four," she said; "you dear lit-tle chicks, come in here.

"You will find Mr. Park in the field next the red barn," said she to Mike; "you leave the chil-dren with me while you go and find him.

“Now you just come in and wait a bit, till I bring my but-ter; it has al-most come; then I will put on my bon-net, and go and show you the lit-tle calves.”

So Rose, and Tom, and Ned, and I-da stood round the churn, to see the but-ter come. This was new to them. Ruth could not make much but-ter, for the young folks had so much of old Suke's milk to drink, that there was not much to raise cream. And Ruth did not use a churn, but when she had a

lit-tle cream, she used to stir it in a jar, with a spad, and make a fresh pat of but-ter for tea.

Mrs. Park churned a-way a short time, and then she said, "Now it be-gins to come."

"Where?" said Ned; and he looked round the room. "I don't see it."

How Mrs. Park did laugh! "Did you think to see it roll a-long the floor, like a big snow-ball?" said she. "Look in here."

She took off the cov-er, and let

them look in to see the lumps of yel-low but-ter float a-bout in the milk.

When they all had a peep at it, on went the cov-er, and round went the crank a few times more.

Then it was done, and Mrs. Park got a big bowl and a spad, both of white wood, and some salt, and the chil-dren saw her work the but-ter in-to a great lump, and then she set it a-way in a cool place.

“Is it done?” asked Rose.

“I shall work it more by and by,” said Mrs. Park; “but now I will go with you. Come.”

She took I-da and Ned by the hand, and Rose and Tom went with them.

They went first to see the calves. There were three of them in one place: such fun-ny fel-lows! One was on the ground, as grave and quiet as an old ox; but the other two had a look as if they meant to say, “Do you want some fun? Come on, then.”



THE THREE CALVES. Page 78

But the chil-dren did not care to go too near; they liked to look at them o-ver the fence.

Then Mrs. Park showed them a lit-ter of lit-tle pigs, all white but one; that had black spots.

“O, what dear lit-tle things!” said Tom. “I did not know a pig could be so nice.”

Then they went to see the ducks on a small pond near the yard; and there was one brood of young chicks to be seen, and so much be-side, that Mike had got through

his talk with farm-er Park, and come back, be-fore they had seen half.

“Now you must come in and get a bit of cake be-fore you go ; come, Ry-an ; they will need some-thing to eat, I am sure.”

So Mrs. Park gave each of the chil-dren, and Mike, some nice cake and a drink of milk ; but Mike had a glass of light beer.

Then they all gave Mrs. Park a kiss, for good by — all the chil-dren, I mean.

Then they had a nice drive home, and ran to tell mam-ma how kind Mrs. Park was to them.

After din-ner, Tom said, "Ned, let us take our farm-yard, and set out all the things, and the beasts from the No-ah's Ark, too, and make a great farm, like the Park Farm!"

So they did, and Ned liked the play so much, that Tom went to his mam-ma, and said, —

"Please hold your ear down,

mam-ma, so I can speak low ; I want to ask you some-thing."

"May I give my farm-yard to Ned, for his own, for a birth-day gift? "

"Yes, dar-ling, if you wish to ; of course you may."

So Tom ran back, and said, "Ned, I will give you my farm-yard for yours, be-cause this is your birth-day ; and you can set it out with the No-ah's Ark things, just when you want to."

Ned was much pleased with this

gift, for Tom had kept it with such care that it was al-most as good as new.

Rose said, "I wish I had a gift for Ned, mam-ma; what can I give him?"

"I do not know, dear; if you can-not think of a-ny thing else, you can give him a great deal of love."

"O, I give him *that* all the time, mam-ma; but may I choose one of my books to give him for his own?"

“Yes, if you wish to.”

So Rose ran to look o-ver her books. She thought a great deal of her books, and did not like to lose or part with them. But now she want-ed to choose a nice one that Ned would like, for his gift.

She found one with bright pictures, which he al-ways liked to look at, and gave it to him, with a kiss.

Lit-tle Ned thought a birth-day was a ver-y nice thing to come once a year.

VIII.

POOR PUSS.

NET and Snow had grown now to be good-sized cats. They were still full of life and fun, and were too much for old Puss, who took to the barn, for the most part, and caught rats there.

I-da had left her kit-ty in town. Lou White said she would take good care of it. I-da want-ed to bring Spot with her to Brook-side,

but her mam-ma told her Spot would fight with the oth-er kit-tens, as like as not, when she had been gone so long.

One day Snow was sick. She lay round, quite still, and would not eat, though Ruth tried to coax her with nice bits and sweet milk.

The chil-dren all felt sad to see her so sick. Now and then she would act as if in pain.

“Mam-ma,” said Ned, “won’t you have the doc-tor come to see my poor kit-ty? Poor Snow is so sick!”

“I do not think a doc-tor could do more for her than Ruth can, my dear; Ruth will take good care of poor kit-ty.”

“Ruth has made her a soft bed out in the wood-shed, and she lies on it, and will not get up at all.”

“I fear,” said mam-ma, “she has got hold of some bad stuff that has been put out to kill rats, and that has made her sick.”

“Poor kit-ty!” said all the children; “what did she eat the bad stuff for?”

The next morn-ing, when Ruth and Jane came down stairs, they went to see poor Snow.

“She is dy-ing,” said Jane; “I wish we could take her a-way before the chil-dren come down.”

“We can-not move the poor thing now,” said Ruth; “let her die in peace. May be the chil-dren will not think of her for a while.”

But they did. As soon as they were dressed, down they all came to ask how kit-ty was.

They went out to see her. "Come, kit-ty," said I-da, who did not know what it all meant,— "come, kitty, get up and race with me! see how nice it is out doors!"

"She can-not hear you," said Ruth; "poor kit-ty is so sick."

"O, poor kit-ty!" cried I-da. She took up the pan of milk which had been set out for the cats, and put it close by her.

Ned ran and got a wood-en ball, with which he had played with

Snow when she was well, and laid it be-fore her eyes.

But poor kit-ty's eyes were dim, and she did not care a-ny more for milk or balls.

She gave one or two more gasps, and poor kit-ty was dead.

When Ruth said so, the children all be-gan to cry. Mam-ma came down to see where they all were, and it al-most made her cry to see the sad lit-tle group.

“Poor lit-tle Snow!” said mam-ma; “she can-not play with you

a-ny more ! But she was a happy kit-ty while she lived : are you not glad that you were kind to her, and did not hurt or tease her ? ”

The lit-tle ones wiped their eyes at this, and said, “ Yes.” Mam-ma knew how to com-fort them.

“ Come, now, my dar-lings ; pa-pa is wait-ing for us. Come and tell him a-bout poor kit-ty.”

Soon the four lit-tle ones were round pa-pa’s knee, to tell him of the death of poor Snow.

Pa-pa said he was ver-y sor-ry. "You must ask Mike to dig a grave for poor kit-ty," said he, "and we will put up a head-stone, to mark the place."

"Where shall we get a nice stone, pa-pa?" said Rose.

"A smooth board, which we can paint white, will do, and we will paint the let-ters in black. You write out what you want me to paint on the board, and I will do it when I come home to tea."

Right af-ter break-fast, the children went for Mike, to ask him to dig poor Snow's grave. He did not make fun of the plan, but set a-bout it at once, for he saw how bad the lit-tle ones felt.

Rose and Tom sat down, with a slate, be-fore pa-pa came home, to think what they would have painted on the head-stone.

Rose could not write well yet, but she could print the words on her slate.

“They thought and talked some

time, and this is what they wrote at last:—

“ Poor Snow Lies Here.

*She was Ned Dale’s own Kit-ty,
And we all loved her.”*

Pa-pa said this would do ver-y well. He had some paint in the barn, — a pot of white paint, and some black paint, with a brush, that was meant for mak-ing let-ters.

So the words that were on the

slate were paint-ed on the white board, and when it was dry, pa-pa fixed it in the ground, at the head of poor Snow's grave.

"Mam-ma," said Tom, that e-ven-ing, "I think Net, *my* kit-ty, has a hard heart."

"Why, my dear? Has she put her claws in-to you?"

"Why, no, mam-ma! But we took her to see Snow's grave, and she did not care a bit; she just ran all o-ver it, and round it, as if she was glad.

“And now she is just as full of fun as if Snow was not dead, and



laps her milk just the same as if Snow was at the oth-er side of the pan, as she used to be.

“My dear boy, you must not have such hard thoughts of your poor kit-ty; she can-not know that Snow is dead, and it is not in her na-ture to care that she is gone; kit-ty has no soul, and no mind to think of such things, and to love, as you do.”

Tom smiled, but he could not help feel-ing that he should like Net bet-ter if she did care just a lit-tle bit.

“Now,” said Tom to Rose and Ned, “we must own Net all to-

geth-er, for she is all the kit-ty we have left."

"And when you come to *my* house," said I-da, "we will own Spot all to-ged-der!"

For which she got a kiss from each one.

IX.

O-NEY'S PET.

THE gar-den was all made now, the seeds all sown, and a good ma-ny bright green shoots were up a-bove ground. The peas, which were Mike's pride, were a foot high, or more.

Rose, and Tom, and Ned, and I-da loved to watch the gar-den beds; they had seen Mike plant the seeds, and they liked to see them come up.

“I don’t *see*,” said Tom, one day, “how that plant can come out of one of those *mites* of seeds that you put in this bed!”

“Ah, sure none of us can see that,” said Mike; “it is the Lord’s work; no one else can tell how it is done.”

One day, the chil-dren all stood to watch a hill of ants, at their work. It was fun to see how one of them would lug off a bit that was near-ly as large as him-self.

One lit-tle ant was killed in some way, and lay dead in the path.

Soon an-oth-er ant came near, and saw him. At once he took up the dead ant, to car-ry it off. It was slow work for him; once or twice he had to put it down, and then try a-gain.

Rose and Tom were called in to go to school be-fore they saw what he would do with it. They told their mam-ma a-bout the dead ant. "The ants care for each oth-er more than cats do — don't they, mam-ma?"

"Yes, my dear; they are made

to live in tribes, — a great ma-ny in one place; and so they are taught to care for and help each oth-er by the good God who made them.”

One day when the chil-dren came home from school, Mike said to them, “You must ask your mam-ma to let you go down and see O-ney; she has got a new pet.”

“Has she? What is it, Mike? Is it a lamb?”

“A lamb! no, bless you; I wish

I could get hold of a lamb for you, you think so much of it. But O-ney's pet is a lit-tle dog."

"A dog! O, dear! what did she want of an-oth-er dog? Is it like Fox?"

"Not at all at all," said Mike. "You see if you don't like this one your own self."

I must tell you that Mike gave Fox a-way some time be-fore this. He did not prove to be a ver-y nice dog, and O-ney did not like him in the house; he *would* snap at the chil-dren, for one thing.

Rose got leave for them all to go down to Mike's house, and see the new pet.

They did all like this dog, to be sure. It had long, white hair, — or wool, you might call it, — and bright lit-tle eyes, and it was as full of play as a kit-ten.

A friend of O-ney's had giv-en it to her. More than all, it had been used to play with chil-dren, and was glad to see them come, and felt just in the mood for a romp with them.

I-da was so pleased with this little dog! She thought it was better than Spot e-ven, or a-ny oth-er pet.

“What is dog-gy’s name?” said Rose.

“I mean to call him Shag,” said O-ney; “do you think it is a good name for him?”

“Yes,” said Rose; “for he has such a shag-gy coat!”

Each day, af-ter this, lit-tle I-da would beg her aunt-y to let her go down to O-ney’s house, “to see lit-tle dog Shag.”

And when she got there, she would sit down on the floor, as you see her in the picture in the front of this book, and hold Shag, and hug him till he was glad to be let off.

O-ney loved I-da ver-y much, she was such a dear lit-tle girl; and she told Rose, in her ear, that if Mrs. Wells would let I-da take Shag, when she came home, she meant to give him to her. "But do not you speak of it," said she; "for she may not like a dog a-bout the house."

“Why did not I-da’s pa-pa and mam-ma come home,” you will ask, “now that the spring was come?”

Poor Un-cle Will had had a turn of not be-ing so well, just be-fore the time that he thought to come home.

And so it was thought best for him to stay an-oth-er month where he was.

But he was to come in June, and June was now quite near.

X.

TOM'S BIRTH-DAY.

JUNE came, and the rose trees all put out their buds, to tell that the queen of months was come.

Miss El-la's school was out now, for the sum-mer; she meant to keep till the last of June; but she was not well, and her friends said she must stop, and not teach a-ny more till fall.

Rose and Tom read to their

mam-ma for a short time each day, as they used to do be-fore they went to school; but the rest of the time they had leave to be out of doors as much as they chose, and a hap-py time they had in those bright, sweet days!

Tom's birth-day was the sixteenth day of June.

The straw-ber-ries were quite ripe, some of them, three or four days be-fore, in the great bed of which Mike took such care.

Rose, and Tom, and Ned, and

I-da all had a taste of them ; but Mike did not let them have but one or two, now and then ; for, as



he told them, he was to save them for Tom's birth-day.

Not on-ly for Tom's sake ; he could not eat so ma-ny as there

were on the bed ; nor could all the young ones.

But there was hope of a great joy on that day. Pa-pa and mam-ma did not tell the chil-dren, for fear it might not come, and it would be hard for them then, if they knew of it.

But Mike knew, for he was to keep the ber-ries ; and Jane knew, for she was at work in the best spare room, more or less, for a day or two be-fore ; and Ruth knew, for O, dear me ! how hot her ov-en

was, and what nice things she drew out of it !

Rose said, with a smile, "I guess, mam-ma, you love Tom best of all of us ; there is such a time in the house be-fore his birth-day !"

Rose was just in fun, for she knew quite well that mam-ma loved all her dear ones a-like. But I think Rose her-self loved Tom just a lit-tle more than she did a-ny one else *but* her pa-pa and mam-ma.

“May be,” said mam-ma, “it will prove that there is some-thing else to make *a time* for, as you say, be-sides the birth-day.”

“Why, what do you mean, mam-ma?” said Rose.

“May I trust you not to speak of it to the lit-tle ones, if I tell you?”

Rose said she would be sure not to tell, and then her mam-ma told her the se-cret.

A let-ter had come from Aunt Kate, to say that they were to sail

for home in three days from the time she wrote ; and pa-pa thought they would reach Brook-side on Tom's birth-day. They were to come there first, and stay two or three weeks, be-fore they went to their own home, in town.

Rose gave such a scream of joy, when this news was told, that Tom heard it, and came with a rush up the stairs, to see what could ail her.

But by the time he found her, Rose was as grave and still as a

judge with a bald head, and hard at work to put on ba-by Bell's sock, which she had kicked off.

“What's the mat-ter, Rose? I thought I heard you give a great squeal just now.”

“Why, I am not do-ing a-ny thing,” said Rose; “do hold your foot still, Miss Bell.”

Tom gave a look round the room, as if to spy out the joke; then he said, “Well, that's fun-ny!” and went down a-gain.

Mam-ma told Rose that she did

not want the boys to know, for fear they would tell I-da; and she did not want her to think of such a thing till they were sure her papa and mam-ma would come that day.

But, as it turned out, no one knew it, for sure, un-til they came.

It was near time for dinner, on Tom's birth-day. Ba-by Bell was in her cab, and Rose was drawing her round the yard; while I-da had her best doll in her cab, that her aunt-y gave her at Christ-mas,

and drew it round by the side of the large one.

Tom and Ned had gone round to the gar-den, with Ned's cart, to haul off a load of weeds from their beds.

Just then a hack drove up to the gate. The lit-tle boys ran round in front, at the sound; and Rose and I-da stood still to look.

Who should jump out first but pa-pa him-self! Then he gave his hands to a la-dy to help her out, and Rose gave a cry, —

“They have come! they have come! O, I-da, it is your dear pa-pa and mam-ma come back!”

Lit-tle I-da ran to the gate, and was caught in her own pa-pa’s arms.

I dare say she would not have known him, but for what Rose said; for you know they had been gone six months, and I-da was not yet four years old.

But she knew what the kiss and the hug meant, and she threw her arms round her pa-pa’s neck, and

kissed him, and then cried, "My dear mam-ma!"

Aunt Kate held her close, as she said, o-ver and o-ver, "My dar-ling! My dar-ling!"

Then Rose, and Tom, and Ned each came in for their turn; and by that time mam-ma had heard the cries of joy, and came running down the walk for her share of kiss-es; and then Rose ran back for ba-by Bell, who still sat in her cab where she was left, and drew her down to meet Aunt Kate.

Such a time of joy as it was! All in the house came to shake hands, — Ruth, and Jane, and Mike; and Tray barked, and the chil-dren jumped a-round in glee.

Ruth thought they would nev-er sit down to their din-ner; she was in fear lest her good things should get cold by wait-ing.

But at last they all sat down, though the talk still went on.

“O, Tom,” said Rose, “is not this a *grand* birth-day treat?”

And Tom was sure it was,—the best that could have been had.

XI.

FOURTH OF JU-LY.

THOSE were three hap-py weeks, I can tell you, — the three weeks which Un-cle Will and Aunt Kate spent at Brook-side.

It was joy for all the rest to see lit-tle I-da; she was so mer-ry and so full of glee.

It did not seem to the chil-dren as if Un-cle Will could have been so sick; he was as full of fun with

them as ev-er, and let them lead him by the hand to see the pigs, and the cow, and the hens, and all that the young ones liked best.

Then he had a good play with them, each day, at some time.

He would kneel down, and let them tie a band o-ver his eyes, to blind-fold him, and then he would chase them round and round the trees, on the grass.

Some-times he would chase them up so close, that Rose would cry, "O, Un-cle Will, can't you see?"

Then he would say, "Why, did you not blind-fold me, your own self?"

And then, as like as not, he would bump his head a-against a tree, and rub it, and make a great time, saying, "There! don't you see I am as blind as a bat?"

The chil-dren knew quite well that he could see, out of a lit-tle crack; but he made all the more fun for them in that way..

The Fourth of Ju-ly came while Un-cle Will was at Brook-side,

too; and as the stores were shut, pa-pa and Un-cle Will were both at home to spend the day, which was nice.

“Un-cle Will said, in the morning, “Shall we take the young ones in-to town to-day, to see the show?”

“I think it is not best,” said pa-pa; “they will all get tired, and you will, too.

“We have some fire-works to set off for them, in the e-ven-ing; and if their mam-ma says, ‘Yes,’

we can let them ask some of their play-mates to see them, and they can have tea, out on the grass."

Pa-pa knew this would suit Uncle Will; for he did love to see the young folks hap-py.

Mam-ma said, "Yes," and then Tom and Rose went round, in the wag-on, with Uncle Will to drive, to ask their school-mates to come to tea, and then see the fire-works.

A gay lit-tle par-ty they were. Be-fore tea was read-y, Uncle Will helped them to rig up for a grand march on the lawn.



Girls and boys — such an odd
band of troops you nev-er did see !
But they had lots of fun. Un-

cle Will put on a big pa-per cap him-self, and came out to drill them, and he made them laugh so !

John Wilde said to Tom, "I nev-er saw such a fun-ny man as your un-cle is !"

Then came the tea, out on the grass, which was the best place, as they all said.

Ba-by Bell was out with them. Her mam-ma put a quilt on the grass, and set her down on it where she could see the fun ; and she seemed as hap-py as a-ny of them.

Then they had more plays, until it was dark, so they could see the fire-works.

When it was time for these, the chil-dren all got on the steps, in a safe place, while Mr. Dale, and Mr. Wells, and Mike set them off.

They had quite a fine lot, for they had a chance to send in-to town for some more, as there were to be so ma-ny to see them.

There were wheels, and rock-ets, and Ro-man can-dles, and one or two snakes, which ran in the

grass, and made all the girls jump.

All went off well, and the little folks were much pleased, and had a fine time.

They did not forget, before they went home, to thank the kind friends who took so much pains to please them.

At last Aunt Kate's house in town was all in order for them to go in, and they set a day to go to their own home.

The children were sorry that

the vis-it was o-ver; they could not bear to have Un-cle Will, and Aunt Kate, and dear I-da go a-way.

But Aunt Kate said, "We shall not be far off now, dear pets; you will see us on Sun-days, you know; we shall go to church to-geth-er, as we used to do."

"And you will come in-to town at oth-er times, I hope; and we shall come out here of-ten, while the warm days last."

It did seem like los-ing half the

house to part with I-da, dear little I-da, whom all loved so much !

As for I-da her-self, she of course liked the thought of going to her own home a-gain ; but she did not want to leave them all at Brook-side, — least of all, the dear ba-by, and “her Ned,” as she called him.

One of her play-mates was to go with her.

O-ney told Mrs. Wells that, if she were will-ing that I-da should have Shag, she wished to give him to her.

Aunt Kate thanked O-ney, and said she should be ver-y glad indeed to have such a pet for I-da, for she would miss the chil-dren at first, and be quite lone-ly, when they first went home.

XII.

THE LOOSE TEETH.

ROSE went to town to spend a day at Aunt Kate's quite soon—much soon-er than she thought of do-ing.

This was the way it came a-bout.

Rose had two teeth, which, her mam-ma said, must be ta-ken out, as they were in the way of the new teeth which were grow-ing up.

Her mam-ma thought she could

pull them out with a waxed thread, if Rose would let her try.

But Rose would not let her touch them at all, she was so a-fraid of the hurt.

Mike said, "Tie a string to the tooth, Miss Rose, and tie one end to the bed-post, and then run, and out will come the tooth!"

But Rose did not like the plan; in fact, the tears would come in her eyes if her mam-ma did but speak of the teeth.

She had lost one tooth, no one

knew when. Her pa-pa said, with a laugh, "That tooth must have gone down her throat, for he was sure Rose would not have let it come out of the *front* door!"

Rose did not like them to laugh at her, but still she could not bear to let a-ny one touch the teeth.

"Come, Rose," said her pa-pa, "go in-to town with me to-day, and Dr. Nott will take out those teeth, with his bright nip-pers, before you can say, Boo!"

But Rose turned pale at the

thought of Dr. Nott and his tools. She went with her mam-ma once when she had a tooth to be filled, and though her mam-ma said it did not hurt at all, Rose had a great dread of the bright, sharp things she saw on the stand. She thought pa-pa's plan was ten times worse than the string.

One day, — it was on Sun-day, af-ter tea, — mam-ma was read-ing to the chil-dren, out on the door-step, where it was nice and cool.

She read them a tale of the days

when those who loved the Lord Je-sus were hat-ed for His Name's sake, and ma-ny of them were put to death, when they would not give up their faith in Him.

The tale told of a young boy, who loved the Lord Christ.

He was ta-ken from his friends, and brought be-fore a king, who tried all ways he could think of to coax him to say he would not love and serve the Lord Je-sus.

At last the king put on a look of great rage, and said, "If you

will not give up this faith, I will tell these men to burn you in a fire."

The brave boy went up to a fire near by, and held out his hand, close to the flame, to show them that he did not fear.

Said he, "The Lord whom I serve will help me to bear the pain, though you should burn me to death !"

"O, mam-ma ! did they burn him ?"

"No, dear ; not at that time.

The king want-ed to try him, to see if he could not make him give up his faith ; but when he found he could not, he let him go.

“But a great ma-ny *were* put to death, in ver-y cru-el ways ; not on-ly men and wo-men, but lit-tle chil-dren, too.”

“O, mam-ma, I don’t see how they could bear such dread-ful pain !” said Rose.

“It was as the brave Chris-tian boy said, my love ; the Lord gave them strength, in their time of

need, when they called up-on Him."

"Will Je-sus help *us* to bear pain now?" asked Rose.

"Most sure-ly He will, my child; He nev-er fails to help those who put their trust in Him, and pray to Him."

Rose did not say a-ny more then, but she seemed to think a good deal.

The next morn-ing, as they were at break-fast, Rose said, —

"Pa-pa, will you take me with

you to-day to town, to have my teeth out?"

Her pa-pa looked at the lit-tle girl, and saw that she had made up her mind to have it done.

"Yes, dear," said he, "I shall be glad to take a brave lit-tle girl to town with me; and I dare say Aunt Kate will be glad to take care of you the rest of the day, af-ter Dr. Nott has done his lit-tle job."

This made Rose smile, but she looked quite pale.

“Run, now, quick, my pet, and get read-y; for it is ’most time to start.”

So Rose had no time to think what was to be done, un-til she found her-self in the cars, on the way to town.

Then she shut her eyes, and said in her heart a lit-tle prayer, which she had said be-fore that morning. It was this:—

“Lord Je-sus, make me brave, and help me to bear the hurt and pain. A-men.”

Per-haps you say, "What a fuss Rose made a-bout two loose teeth! *I* would not mind hav-ing them out!"

Per-haps you do not mind such things as much as she did; and per-haps Rose would have borne oth-er tri-als bet-ter than you do.

Rose was but a weak lit-tle girl; but you see she took the best way to grow strong.

When the den-tist put her up in his great chair, Rose did not say a word, but did just as he told her to.

The teeth were not so loose as they seemed, and it *did* hurt to have them out; but it was all done in a mo-moment, and then how glad Rose was!

Dr. Nott said she was a brave child, and her pa-pa seemed much pleased with her.

Then she went to Aunt Kate's, and had a hap-py time un-til pa-pa came for her to go home.

When her mam-ma asked a-bout the teeth, Rose said, in her ear, —
“Mam-ma, I asked Je-sus to

help me to keep still, and I know He did."

A day or two af-ter, A-my and Lu-cy Bond came to play with Rose. A-my saw that she had lost two of her teeth, and asked her a-bout it.

When Rose told her how she had them out, A-my said, "Why, I wish you could have gone to the man that pulled out my big tooth !

"I did not know a-ny thing a-bout it; he made me suck a big bag, and I went to sleep, and when

I waked up, my tooth was out, and he held it up to show it to me."

"O, how nice!" cried Rose. But then she thought a lit-tle, and a smile came on her face.

"A-my," said she, "I think, after all, I am glad that I had my teeth out the way I did, and felt the hurt.

"For, you know, we must all have pain to bear at some time, and I am glad now that I know we can get help to bear it, if we ask for it."

Rose said this in a low tone, and A-my gave her a kiss, and said, "I know what you mean, Rose, and I will keep it in mind."

XIII.

NED AND I-DA.

I THINK Ned missed lit-tle I-da, when she went home, more than a-ny one else; for they were so near of an age, and they went round, hand in hand, talk-ing with each oth-er, much of the time.

I-da missed Ned, too, you may be sure. At last Aunt Kate got up a plan to please them both.

It was for Ned and I-da to send

let-ters to each oth-er. Of course they could not write them-selves, but they were to say just what they would like to put in the letter, and Aunt Kate wrote for I-da, and then put the pen in her hand, and held her hand to guide it, that she might sign her own name.

Rose wrote most of Ned's letters; that is, she *print-ed* the words, for she could not write well yet.

This plan gave great joy to the two lit-tle ones, and they sent let-

ters to each oth-er two or three times a week.

You see, they did not need to put stamps on their let-ters, and send them by mail; but pa-pa took Ned's let-ters, when he went to town in the morn-ing to his store, and he brought back I-da's let-ters at night.

I will give you a cop-y of one of Ned's let-ters, and of one of I-da's, that you may see what funny lit-tle chats they had in this way:—

“DEAR IDA: How do you do to-day? and how is Shag? and how is Spot?

“I am go-ing to ride with Mike this morn-ing, and Tom is to go, too. I don't know where we shall go, but Mike says he can-not go to town. I wish we could; then we should see you, and I would give you a good hug.

“Tom got some cat-nip to put on poor Snow's grave, 'cause Mike says cats like cat-nip. But Rose wants to put a snow-ball bush by

it, 'cause, you know, her name was Snow.

“Now I don't want to tell a-ny more this time, but you must tell a let-ter for me, quick, 'cause I am your
NED.”

Here is one of I-da's let-ters to Ned : —

“DEAR NED : You is a good boy to write me a nice let-ter. I gived it a kiss, and I put it in my lit-tle bas-tick. [*Bas-ket*, she meant.]

“I went up street with mam-ma, and Shag went, too; and Shag *would* run off, first front of us, and then back of us, and I was so ’fraid he would be lost! If Shag should be lost, I should cry re-al hard — should-n’t you?

“Spot likes Shag now, and she does not spit at him a bit, and she will eat right off from Shag’s plate.

“I want to see ba-by Bell, and I want to see you, too.

“Now I will put my name here.

“IDA.”

One day, when Ned got a letter from I-da, he was so proud of it, that he went round to show it to all in the house, and then he went out to the barn, to show it to Mike.

As he came back, he struck his toe on a brick which lay in the path, and fell and hit his head on the door-sill.

Ruth heard him cry, and she ran out to him.

“That bad old brick!” cried Ned; “it just threw me down.”

“Poor head!” said Ruth; “I

will put a bit of wet brown pa-per on the bump, so it will not swell."

So Ruth got the pa-per, and put it on; but Ned still cried, for the bump made his head ache.

"See here, Ned," said Ruth; "I say that brick has no right to be there in the path, to throw folks down!

"Why don't you get the hammer, and pound it all up fine, like dust, and then no one can trip up o-ver it a-gain?"

Ned liked this plan; Ruth knew

he would, for he liked to use tools as well as Tom did.

He for-got his head-ache, ran to the barn for Tom's ham-mer, and went to work at the poor brick with all his might.

His mam-ma came down to speak to Ruth, and she looked out at the door, and saw Ned at work.

“What in the world can that child be do-ing?” said she.

Ruth told her the way she took to cure the bump on his head, and it made his mam-ma laugh well.

By the time the brick was pound-ed to dust, Ned was in high glee, and went off to find Tray, and have a race with him.

XIV.

THE NEXT YEAR.

Now I must skip o-ver a whole year, in my sto-ry, for I have not time to tell you of all that took place at Brook-side, week by week, and month by month.

I want to give you a peep at Rose, and Tom, and Ned, and ba-by Bell, as they were a year on from the time of which I have told you.

Now, of course, Rose was more than eight years old; Tom was sev-en, and Ned and I-da were a-bout five; that is, Ned was three months *more* than five years old, and I-da was three months *less* than five.

As to ba-by Bell, she was more than a year and a half old, and she had made good use of her time to grow, as you will see by this picture.

There is Miss Bell, in high glee, on her mam-ma's lap; and there

is our friend Ned, on the floor, still with a ham-mer in his hand; but you need not think he kept it in his hand all the year!

Ned looks so large, in this picture, that you will think he must go to school now, with Tom and Rose.

I dare say he would have done so, but they did not go to school. In fact, Miss El-la's school had come to an end.

In the course of the fall, there came a Mr. Hyde to see Mrs.



BABY BELL, MAMMA, AND NED. Page 160.

Bond. He seemed to have a great deal to say to her, or to the girls, for he came ev-er-y week.

At last the chil-dren were told that they were to have no more school at Mrs. Bond's, for this Mr. Hyde was to come and take off their Miss El-la, as his bride.

The chil-dren of Miss El-la's school all felt bad-ly, at first, at this news. But when they saw that Miss El-la was ver-y bright and hap-py, they came to think it was not such a bad thing, af-ter all.

Mr. Hyde got Mrs. Bond to let him have a par-ty at her house for all the chil-dren, on the last day of school.

He said he had some fear that they did not like him, be-cause he had come to break up their school.

So the chil-dren were asked to the par-ty, and Mr. Hyde took so much pains to please them, and made so much fun for them, that they could not help lik-ing him.

Rose said to A-my, "I don't

know but Mr. Hyde is nice e-nough to have Miss El-la, af-ter all !”

“Yes, he is *'most* good e-nough,” said A-my ; “he is real kind.”

A-my could not think it was quite the thing for *a-ny* one to come and claim her own dear sis-ter !

One sad change had come to pass in this year which was gone : Mr. Wells, lit-tle I-da's pa-pa, and the chil-dren's uncle Will, died in the win-ter.

You know how Rose, and Tom,

and Ned, and their pa-pa and mam-ma, all loved him; and you will know how sad it must have been for them to give up such a good, kind friend. But it was not sad for him, for he was a good man, — one who loved God.

And the Bi-ble says, “Bless-ed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

Then poor Aunt Kate and lit-tle I-da were a-lone. And Mr. Dale said they must come and live at Brook-side all the time.

So Aunt Kate’s house in town

was sold, and now, once more, little I-da's home was at Brook-side; and she was just like a sis-ter to Rose, and Tom, and Ned, and ba-by Bell.

One more new thing had come to pass: Mike and O-ney had a dear lit-tle boy ba-by at their house.

His name was Pat. O-ney gave him that name be-cause it was her own fath-er's name; his whole name was Pat-rick, but they called the ba-by Pat.

Rose and Tom said Pat was not much of a name; but *lit-tle* Pat was, as Mike said, "A broth of a boy!"

He was a great pet and plaything with the chil-dren. Lit-tle I-da would go down and sit by the hour to rock him, while O-ney was at work.

She would take Shag with her, and the first time lit-tle Pat seemed to no-tice and smile at a-ny thing, was when Shag was jump-ing up and down by him.

O-ney was ver-y hap-py with her boy; she called him all sorts of pet names. The one which made Rose laugh most was, "her kit-ten of gold."

"O, O-ney," Rose would say, "how fun-ny you are! If Pat were made of gold, he would not be a *re-al* boy; he could-n't kick, or suck his fists, as he does now."

"Well, sure, he is worth his weight in gold!" O-ney would say, and give him a hug and a kiss at the same time.

There was one more new thing go-ing on, which gave all much joy.

At last a start had been made for a church at Brook-side. It was be-gun as soon as the ground was dry in the spring, and now the walls were go-ing up fast.

Just be-fore I-da's pa-pa was taken sick, the last time, he put down his name for a large sum, to help build this church.

It was not far from Mr. Dale's house — just a nice walk. The

chil-dren loved dear-ly to go and watch the men at work, and mam-ma let them go of-ten, for she felt sure they would keep out of the way of the work-men.

One day one of the men said to Tom, "Why do you young folks like to come here so much, and just stand still and look on?"

"O," said Tom, "'cause you are build-ing our church, you know; and we shall be so glad to see it done!"

"O, is that it? Then I sup-pose you like to go to church."

“Why, yes,” cried Tom ; “don’t *you* ? ”

One or two oth-er work-men looked at the man with a smile, at this. But *he* did not smile ; he turned off to his work, and seemed to have some new thought in his mind.

It may have been this : “If these lit-tle ones love the house of God so much, why do not *I* care for it, too ? ”

XV.

THE BARE-FOOT BOYS.

ONE day, Tom came run-ning in to his mam-ma, and said, “O, mam-ma, may Ned and I go bare-foot? John Wilde does; and it’s so nice, these hot days! shoes are so hot!”

His mam-ma was just go-ing to say, “O, no, in-deed!” But pa-pa was at home that noon, and he laughed, and said, “O, let them, if

they want to. All boys like to go bare-foot, on hot days, in the coun-try; *I* used to."

"But they are not used to it, and they may get things in their feet."

"I will risk it," said their pa-pa. "Let them try to-day."

Off went the shoes and stockings, then, and Tom and Ned danced a-bout like colts.

"Now we can wade in the brook," said Tom.

"Why, you have leave to do that a-ny day," said his mam-ma.

The brook was not at all deep, and she had no fear in let-ting them play by it, or wade in it.

“Yes,” said Tom ; “but now we shall not have to stop to take off our shoes ; that is such a plague, you see, mam-ma.”

So, all the rest of that hot day, the young ones were down by the brook ; Rose and I-da, too, for they had leave to wade when they liked.

The next day, they want-ed to go bare-foot a-gain, and mam-ma said they might.

As they were at play that morn-ing, back of the house, on the hill that sloped down to the brook, Tom saw a snake in the grass.

The girls ran off at once; girls do *hate* snakes, you know. But Tom said, "Ned, let us each take a stick, and poke him, and make him go in-to his hole."

"Where is his hole?" asked Ned.

"I don't know, but we will see when he runs in-to it."

The snake knew where his hole was; but the boys were right in his way with their sticks.

He got un-der a loose stone, and Tom and Ned then tried to poke him out.

At last Mr. Snake got mad, as boys say. I dare say he said to him-self, in the *snake* talk, "What right have those young scamps to poke at me? I'll chase them; so I will."

And out he came from the stone, mad as he could be; and how

those lit-tle bare feet did hop up and down !

It was all they could do to keep out of the way of the snake, as he dart-ed round af-ter them. They did not dare to turn and run, lest the snake should run fast-er than they could, and bite them.

Just then, Mike came by, and saw the fun.

He took a big stick and killed the snake, and then he stood and laughed, loud and long.

“Ha, ha !” said he ; “how you

lit-tle chaps *did* dance to the tune that snake played you! Lit-tle bare-foot boys had best let snake-holes a-lone, I think!"

When Mr. Dale came home, Mike could not help tell-ing him of the scene with the snake, and he had a laugh, too.

Tom was vexed, for he did not like to be laughed at. He said to Mike, "It was re-al mean of you to tell!"

"Why, my boy," said pa-pa, "there is no harm done. It was

not just the thing for you to vex the poor snake, but I don't think you meant to hurt him ; and a-ny of us would dance, I think, with a snake hiss-ing round our bare toes. I know *I* did, once."

"When was that, pa-pa? please tell us."

"It was when I was a lit-tle chap, a-bout the age of Tom. I was go-ing through a field of rye on my fath-er's farm."

"Was it high, pa-pa, like that we saw at the Park Farm ?"

“Yes, high a-bove my head, and just a nar-row foot-path through it.

“I was run-ning a-long with my lit-tle bare feet, when I came right up-on a big black snake, ly-ing a-cross the path.

“My two feet went up in the air, quick as thought, I can tell you; and down I came, be-yond the snake. I did not want to go back by the same path.”

“Rose ran off, when she saw the snake,” said Ned.

“And Ned would have been

glad to run off too, a short time af-ter — would he not ? ”

“ Yes,” said Ned, “ I don’t like snakes one bit.”

“ Come, boys,” they heard Rose call, “ let us give Bell a good ride down the road now, in her cab, and you be the team ; mam-ma says she may go now, it is so cool and nice.”

“ Well,” said Tom ; “ come, Ned, we will pull like a re-al team.”

“ But put on your shoes,” cried Rose ; “ we are to go on the road, you know.”

“O, ho !” said Ned ; “a re-al horse does not want shoes.”

“Why, yes, a horse does have shoes, too. Ask Mike.”

“Yes,” said Mike ; “old Dick would not go well on the road, if he lost off one of his shoes.”

“But not shoes to lace up, like ours ; they are such a plague !”

“Would you like bet-ter to have shoes to *nail* on, then, like a horse’s shoes ?”

Tom thought that would be worse than the strings. He and

Ned put on their stock-ings and shoes, for they would not miss the fun of tak-ing Bell out on the road.

XVI.

BA-BY BELL'S TRICKS..

MISS BELL had need of some one af-ter her, all the time; for since she had found the use of her feet, she was, as Jane said, "in-to ev-er-y thing."

She was full of life and fun as a ba-by could be, but she was a sad rogue, in her way.

One day, Jane had her down in the kitch-en, to give her some bread and milk.

Ruth was at work in the wash-room, and she said, "Jane, can you hang out some of these clothes for me? Put ba-by down, and let her run a-bout here, while you do it. I can have an eye on her."

So Jane put Bell down to trot a-bout, while she hung out the things on the line for Ruth.

Bell found the box of clothes-pins, for Jane took but a few of them, and she seemed to think those were nice toys for her.

"Ah, you have got those — have

you?" said Ruth; "well, you cannot hurt your-self with those."

So Ruth went on with her wash, and Bell was quite still.

By and by Jane came in, in haste, and said, "I want more pins; where are they, Ruth?"

"Why, there; ba-by has them on the floor."

But no; ba-by had got hold of some-thing else, and not a trace of the clothes-pins was to be seen!

"Why, what can the lit-tle witch have done with them?" cried

Ruth ; “they were all here just now. Bell, did you *eat* them ? ”

Bell laughed and crowed, and ran a-bout in great glee, to see Ruth and Jane hunt a-round for the pins ; but she could not tell what she had done with them.

“Well, this beats all ! ” said Ruth.

At last they gave up the hunt, and laid the things on the grass, to dry as best they could.

Be-fore the next wash-day, Mrs. Dale had to send and buy a lot of new clothes-pins.

One day, a week or two after, Ned was at play on the floor of the kitchen, and he said, "Why, Ruth, here is a hole right in the floor."

"Yes," said Ruth, "I know; it is a knot-hole."

There was a thick mat which lay in that place most of the time, but Ned had pushed it a-side in his play.

"I can see right down in-to the cellar," said Ned; and he put his eye down to the hole. "Why,

Ruth, I see some-thing; I see a whole lot of clothes-pins down there. Shall I go down and get them?"

Ruth threw down her work, and laughed. "Well, well!" said she; "what a lit-tle witch! See here, Jane; come and see where ba-by Bell hid the pins."

The knot-hole was o-ver the back part of the cel-lar, where no one went. Ned went down, and brought up six doz-en pins, which Bell had put down through the

hole, one by one. No wonder she was *still*, just then!

This will show you what pranks such a ba-by is up to.

Rose could help her mam-ma a great deal by keep-ing watch of Bell, lead-ing her a-bout, and play-ing with her; and she liked this sort of work, for she loved her ba-by sis-ter ver-y dear-ly.

Rose made up a lit-tle song to sing to Bell, to the tune of "I've got a six-pence." This was the first of it:—

“I’ve got a sis-ter,
A dear lit-tle sis-ter;
I love my sis-ter,
And she loves me.
I think she’s a sweet one;
I think she’s a dar-ling;
I think she’s a fun-ny girl
As ev-er I did see.”

But Rose used to change the words al-most ev-er-y time she sang it, to make Bell laugh.

When Bell be-gan to talk, the chil-dren had great fun with her. They loved to teach her to say words.

The first word she spoke was

Bird. It was in the spring, when the birds first be-gan to come: a



lit-tle bird hopped down on the path where Bell could see it well,

as she sat in her mam-ma's lap at the win-dow.

Bell be-gan to clap her hands and crow at it, and her mam-ma said, "See the pret-ty bird!" "Bird!" cried lit-tle Bell.

Her mam-ma was much pleased, and she tried to make her say it a-gain, when Rose came in. But Bell could not do it a-gain, and she did not speak a-ny more plain words for a month or two; *then* she be-gan to talk all at once.

She called Rose, Lose; but the

rest of the chil-dren's names she said ver-y plain-ly. She loved to run out of the door, and call, "I-da, I-da!" And I-da would run to her then, as fast as she could come, and give her a kiss, and say, "You dear lit-tle thing! Did you hear her call me, mam-ma?"

Ba-by Bell stood in fear of one thing — that was, a feath-er. Was not she a fun-ny ba-by to be a-fraid of a feath-er?

One day she crept up stairs by

her-self, to go to Rose's room. You must know that Rose had a lit-tle room, all to her-self, now that she was eight years old.

She thought a great deal of her room, and liked to keep her lit-tle knick-knacks and gifts from her friends there, and in nice or-der.

She had her sweet mu-sic box there, too ; and she of-ten used to take Bell and I-da up in-to her room, and wind it up, to please them.

But Bell liked to get in-to the

room when Rose was not there, and then she was apt to make sad work with her sis-ter's pret-ty things.

On this day that I spoke of, she got up to the door, and lo! a feath-er lay on the sill.

Miss Ba-by did not dare to step past the fear-ful thing; so she stood still, and be-gan to cry.

Rose heard her first, and ran to her. Bell put her arms round her neck, and said, "See, fed-der, Lose!"

“So it was the *fed-der* that kept you out of my room — was it?” said Rose.

“Well, sis-ter will blow it a-way, and take Bell in to hear pret-ty box play!”

After this, when Rose and the boys want-ed to keep ba-by’s lit-tle hands a-way from a-ny of their things, they used to get a feath-er, and lay on top of them, and Bell would stand and look at it, and say, “Go ’way, fed-der!” but she would not touch it.

XVII.

THE SWING.

ONE day, when Mr. Dale came home, Tom and Ned were down at the gate to meet him ; and as he came up, Ned was on the gate, and Tom was push-ing it back and forth, to give him a swing.

“Don’t swing on the gate, my lit-tle boys,” said their pa-pa, as he stopped to give them a kiss ; “it is not a good plan.”

“Do you mean not at all — not a-ny time, pa-pa?” said Tom.

He and Ned had had a good deal of fun swing-ing on the gates, and they were sor-ry to give it up.

“That is what I meant, my boy,” said Mr. Dale. “Why? do you like to swing ver-y much?”

“Yes, sir,” said both of the boys, as they each took a hand which their pa-pa held out to them, and walked up to the house.

“How would you like it if I were to have a swing put up for you — a real swing?”

“O, pa-pa, that would be grand ; Fred and Nell Ray have got one, and it is so nice ! Can you do it ?”

“Then Rose could swing, too,” said Ned.

“That is a good boy, to think of sis-ter,” said his pa-pa.

“Well, I think I shall have a good swing put up soon. I had thought of it be-fore. I will see a-bout it at once ; and in the mean time my boys must wait, and keep off from the gates.”

Af-ter tea, pa-pa went out with

the young ones, to see if he could find a good place for the swing.

There was a fine group of trees — quite a grove — at the west side of the yard and gar-den. They made a sweet shad-y spot to walk and sit, in sum-mer.

Once these trees did not be-long to Mr. Dale's place ; he had bought the land on which they stood, with-in a year.

All said this was the place for the swing ; but when Mr. Dale came to look at the trees, he did

not see a-ny bough that was just right for it; so he said he would have a frame put up un-der or by the side of one of the trees.

It was a day or two be-fore he could get a man to put up a strong frame, that would not give way; and Rose and Tom, Ned and I-da, had to take an-oth-er les-son in wait-ing.

But at last it was done, and the swing put up, and a grand swing it was.

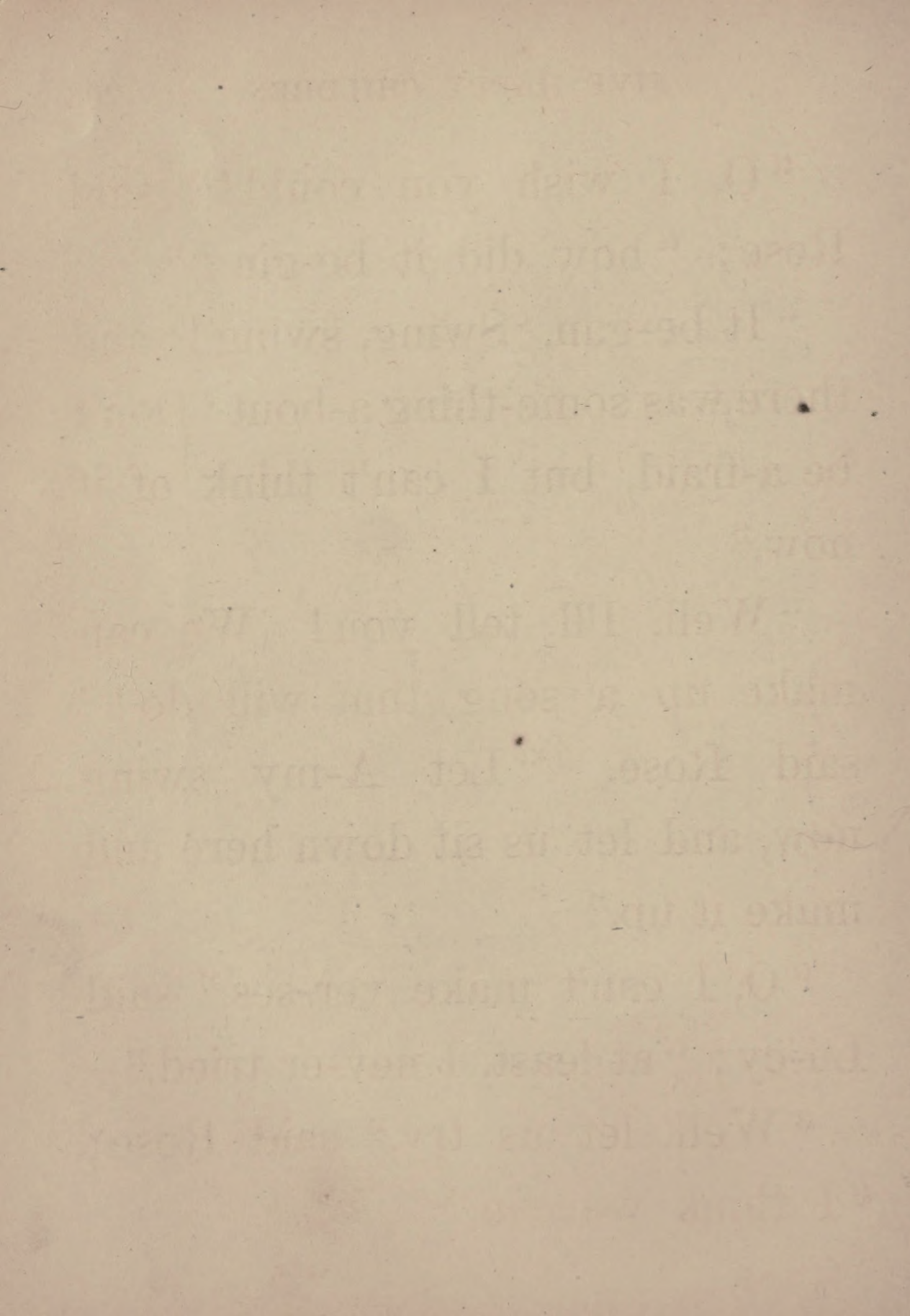
E-ven mam-ma and Aunt Kate

liked to go out there and have a good swing. Some-times Lu-cy and A-my Bond would come up to swing with Rose; in fact, Lu-cy and A-my came up to Mr. Dale's of-ten now; all at the house loved them, they were such sweet lit-tle girls.

One day when the girls were out, tak-ing turns at the swing, Lu-cy said, "I wish I could think of the words of a song we used to sing while we were swing-ing, when I was at my aunt's, at Lynn."



THE SWING. Page 202.



“O, I wish you could!” said Rose; “how did it be-gin?”

“It be-gan, ‘Swing, swing!’ and there was some-thing a-bout ‘Don’t be a-fraid,’ but I can’t think of it now.”

“Well, I’ll tell you! We can make up a song that will do!” said Rose. “Let A-my swing now, and let us sit down here and make it up.”

“O, I can’t make ver-ses,” said Lu-cy; “at least, I nev-er tried.”

“Well, let us try,” said Rose; “I think we can.”

Rose did not for-get what Mike said once, in fun, when she tried to make the verse a-bout the goat.

So Lu-cy sat down with Rose, to try to make a swing-ing song. They had a good deal of fun o-ver it, try-ing to make the lines rhyme.

At last they made up this song, and A-my said she thought it was first rate. So did the boys, when they heard it; and they all learned it, to sing while they were swing-ing : —

"Swing, swing !

The bar is strong ;

Hold the rope,

And sing a song !

" I'll swing you,

And you'll swing me ;

' O, what fun

It all will be !

" High, low,

Here we go.

High-er yet ?

Pa-pa says, ' No. '

" Here, there,

Through the air ;

To mind pa-pa

We will take care. "

These last lines were a-bout a
rule that pa-pa made for the lit-tle

ones. They liked to get Mike, or some one else, to swing them quite high; but pa-pa said this was not safe; he said they must not swing high-er than the low-est bough of the tree.

You can see, if you look at the pic-ture, that this would be quite as high as young chil-dren ought to go in a swing.

XVIII.

STO-RY OF JO-SEPH.

“TELL us a sto-ry, Aunt Kate, please! Don’t go in and light a lamp to read to us, but tell us a sto-ry out here; it is so nice here.”

Tom said this one Sun-day e-ven-ing, as they sat out on the door-steps, af-ter tea.

They had all been to church, in town, that day. You will won-der how old Dick could take them all,

for I have not told you that Mr. Dale had got a new horse, to match Dick; his name was Bill, and the two made a fine span.

“Well,” said Aunt Kate, “what sto-ry would you like to hear best?”

“Tell us a-bout Jo-seph, please, Aunt Kate,” said lit-tle Ned.

“O, we all know that,” Rose began to say; but she thought of the lit-tle ones, and went on: “Nev-er mind! we will like to hear it a-gain; won’t we, Tom?”

So Aunt Kate be-gan:—

“Once there lived a good man, who had great flocks of sheep, and herds of cat-tle; and he had twelve sons.”

“O, what a lot of boys!” cried Ned.

“Yes, a fine lot of boys. And what nice times they might have had, if they had been kind, and loved each oth-er!

“But they did not al-ways.

“One son was named Jo-seph. He was a good lad, and God loved him.

“His fath-er loved him ver-y much, be-cause his moth-er was dead. His fath-er made him a coat of bright col-ors.

“The oth-er young men were vexed when they saw that their fath-er loved Jo-seph best, and they let bad thoughts come in-to their hearts ; they at last came to hate Jo-seph ver-y much.

“Once on a time, the young men had gone off, with the flocks of sheep, to find fresh grass for them, and they had been gone some time from home.

“Their fath-er want-ed to know how they got on, and he said to Jo-seph, ‘Come, I will send thee to thy breth-ren.’ And Jo-seph said, ‘Here am I.’

“He meant by that, that he was read-y to do what his fath-er wished.

“So the old man said, ‘Go, I pray thee; see if it be well with them, and well with the flocks, and bring me word a-gain.’

“So Jo-seph set out to find his broth-ers.

“He had a long search for them, for they had left the place to which they drove the flocks at first; but at last a man told him which way they had gone.

“When Jo-seph came near the place where his broth-ers were, some of them saw him com-ing. And they said, ‘See! this dream-er is com-ing!’

“They called him this, be-cause he had told them of some dreams he had, which they did not like.

“And these broth-ers said, one

to an-oth-er, 'Let us kill Jo-seph, and cast him in-to some deep pit. No one will know it, and we can tell our fath-er that some wild beast must have caught him, in the way.'

"But the old-est of the brothers had a kind-er heart than the rest, and he said, 'No, do not kill him; but let us cast him in-to this pit, and leave him here, and shed no blood.'

"He meant to come back and get Jo-seph out, when the rest were gone.

“So when Jo-seph came up, with kind words on his lips, they took him, and tore off his coat,—the nice coat that his fath-er made him,—and they put him down in a deep pit.

“The pit had been dug to hold wa-ter for the flocks, but there was no wa-ter in it then; it was dry.

“Then these broth-ers were glad, and they sat down to eat bread.

“And as they were eat-ing,

there came a band of men that way, who were go-ing to a far off land to trade. They had cam-els to car-ry their goods.

“Then one of the bad broth-ers said, ‘Come, now, let us sell Joseph to these men for a slave; and they will take him off with them, and sell him a-gain, and then we shall not see him a-ny more.’

“The oth-ers said, ‘Well, we will do so.’

“So they stopped the men, and said, ‘Here is a boy whom we will sell to you for a slave.’

“And the trad-ers paid mon-ey for Jo-seph, and took him off.

“The old-est broth-er was not with the rest when they sold Jo-seph. When he came back, and looked in the pit, and found that the lad was gone, he was in great grief.

“But he joined with the rest to tell a lie to his fath-er. They took Jo-seph’s coat, and dipped it in the blood of a kid, and told the poor old man that they had found it in the way; and he thought some

wild beast had killed his dear son.

“So Jo-seph was sold to be a slave in the land of E-gypt. But God took care of him, and kept him from harm, and at last made him rich and great, and made him to be rul-er o-ver all the land.

“And at last there came a time when he had it in his pow-er to save the life of his broth-ers.

“And he for-gave them all the harm they had done him, and was kind to them, and did them all the good he could.

“And he sent for his dear old fath-er, and took care of him in his last days, and made him hap-py.”

XIX.

THE NEW PLAY.

WHEN Aunt Kate had done telling her sto-ry, mam-ma came to call them all in to prayers, for it was near time for lit-tle folks to go to bed.

So they did not have time to talk a-bout the sto-ry that night.

But the next day they thought of it. It was a wet day, and Tom, and Ned, and I-da were at play

with their toys in the play-room, while Rose did her sew-ing in Aunt Kate's room.

Aunt Kate had be-gun to teach the chil-dren now; she had more time than their mam-ma, for she did not have to keep house, and she loved to teach them.

Ned said, "I am glad I have not got a-ny bad broth-ers that hate me, as poor Jo-seph had! *You* don't hate me — do you, Tom? You would not put *me* in a pit?"

Tom laughed, and said, "No, I don't think I would."

“O, see here, Ned; let’s play that!”

“Play what? How?” asked Ned.

“Why, let us make a pit; here, we can build one with these blocks, by the side of this stool; and play these No-ah’s Ark folks were Joseph and his broth-ers.”

“Well,” said Ned, “play this one with a red dress was Joseph, ’cause he had a bright new coat, you know.”

Then they built a pit by put-

ting blocks on top of oth-ers, round and round, by the side of a large stool, which was to be the ground.

I-da got out the No-ah's Ark men: "One, two, three, four, five. There were more brud-ders than that," she said.

"That's so! How smart you are, lit-tle I-da!" said Tom. "Now, Ned, what shall we do? There were on-ly eight in the No-ah's Ark at first, and you have lost some: we want — let me see — we want e-lev-en."

“No, twelve,” said Ned.

“No,” said Tom; “there were *ten* of the bad broth-ers, and Joseph; and there was one lit-tle broth-er at home, that did not go out with the flocks. I know, because mam-ma told me the sto-ry be-fore.”

“Well,” said Ned, “we can ask Rose to cut out some pa-per men for the rest.”

“So we can; you go ask her, Ned.”

Rose want-ed to know what

Ned want-ed of six pa-per men ;
and he told her they were play-ing
Jo-seph.

Rose could not make out what
sort of a play that might be ; but
as she was most done with her
work, she made haste to fin-ish,
that she might go and see.

She found the boys just as they
were go-ing to let poor Jo-seph
down in-to the pit, with a bit of
thread tied round him.

Then they got some old tin sol-
diers, for the band of men to pass

by, and they drew Jo-seph up a-gain, and sent him off with the band.

They had put Reu-ben off in a cor-ner, while this was done. Tom said that Reu-ben was the name of the one who meant to save Jo-seph, and take him back to his fath-er.

When Jo-seph was gone far off to the oth-er side of the room, they made Reu-ben come and look down in-to the pit, and cry.

Then Rose joined in the play,

and they set Jo-seph up on a throne, and made his broth-ers come and bow be-fore him, and ask him to sell them some corn, so they need not starve.

Then they made lit-tle pa-per bags, which were the bags of corn that Jo-seph gave his broth-ers. And they got up Ned's horse and cart, for the wag-on which Jo-seph sent to bring up his fath-er to him.

Then there was a great move. The old man, and lit-tle pa-per

chil-dren in the wag-on; and all the No-ah's Ark and farm-yard an-i-mals, for the flocks and herds; and Jo-seph's broth-ers, all go-ing to live with Jo-seph, that he might give them bread to eat, and take care of them.

It took so long to move all these, and to make them all act their parts, that the din-ner bell rang be-fore a-ny of them thought it was time for it. The new play had kept them all a long time.

XX.

LIT-TLE BOY BLUE.

AF-TER this, it was a play which the chil-dren liked ver-y much, to act out some sto-ry they had read or heard.

Ba-by Bell had a large Moth-er Goose book, full of pic-tures and rhymes. It was fun-ny to see her pore o-ver it, look-ing at the pic-tures. Of-ten she would take it to her mam-ma, or Rose, or Aunt

Kate, and say, "Please lead to-ly for Bell."

One day Jane had her in her lap to show her the pic-tures. She showed her the pic-ture of Lit-tle Boy Blue, and said the rhyme for her. You know it, I dare say :—

"Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn ;
The sheep's in the mead-ow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy that tends the sheep?
Un-der the hay-stack, fast a-sleep."

Jane said it in a way that made Bell laugh, and she laughed so long that the chil-dren came to see what was the fun.

“Tom,” said Rose, “let’s play that.”



“How can we?” asked Tom.

“Why, you know, Mike has just

raked up the hay out in the lot, and it makes quite a stack.

“Now you be Lit-tle Boy Blue, and play you were a-sleep, by the hay-stack, and play we were sheep and cows. Then we will get through the gate, in-to the garden, and in-to the front yard; and then you wake up all at once, and blow your horn, and chase us out.”

“Good!” said Tom; “but what shall I do for a horn?”

“O, take a-ny thing, and say, ‘Toot, toot,’ with it;” and Rose made a sound like a horn.

“No,” said Jane; “go ask Mike to cut you a piece of a pump-kin vine, and show you how to blow the horn with it.

“But look here, Rose,” she called, as the young ones were all rush-ing off; “your mam-ma said I must give Bell to you to take care of, for I have some work to do.”

“O, well,” said Rose, “she can be a lit-tle lamb, and run with us! Put on her lit-tle white hood, please, Jane.”

Of course Bell liked the fun as much as a-ny one. Fred and Nell Ray came up just as they had got a horn, and were all read-y to play; they had leave to stay two hours, and play with the chil-dren, and Rose said they were just in time.

Some of them were sheep, and ran in the front yard, and cried, Baa! And the rest were the cows, and went to the corn patch in the gar-den, and cried, Moo!

Then one would go near the fence, and cry out, "Lit-tle Boy

Blue, come blow up your horn !” and so on ; and up Tom would jump, blow his horn, and rush af-ter them ; and they would all run, pell-mell, to get in-to their own yard.

They played this some time, and then they took Fred and Nell to the swing.

Af-ter tea, the chil-dren were tell-ing their mam-ma of their new game of Lit-tle Boy Blue, and how they played Jo-seph, too.

Mam-ma said, “Those plays

make me think of my lit-tle cousin Carl. Do you re-mem-ber Carl, Kate ? ”

Aunt Kate smiled, and said she did, ver-y well. “ What a boy he was ! ” said she.

“ O, mam-ma, do tell us a-bout him ! Is he a-live now ? ”

“ Yes, he is a man now, but I have not seen him for years.

“ When Aunt Kate and I were lit-tle girls, and we had two brothers to play with us, who are both dead now, Carl used to come

some-times, with his moth-er, to make us a vis-it; and when we heard he was com-ing, we used to set our hearts on hav-ing a nice time, and a great deal of fun.

“I nev-er saw such a child as he was to get up plays. If we had some play-things, it was all right, and he would get all sorts of fun out of them.

“But if we had none, he was nev-er at a loss for some new game to a-muse us all.”

“Can’t you tell us a-bout some of them, mam-ma?”

“I wish I could think of them, to tell you. I can re-mem-ber how he used to get us all in such a gale, laugh-ing at his pranks, that our moth-er would come to the door to see what did a-muse us so much. And most like-ly she would stop and laugh, too.”

“O, do try to think of some of them, mam-ma.”

“Well, let me see. One day he got us all to play-ing witch.

“He got an old brass ket-tle in the yard, and put all sorts of odds

and ends in it, and set it on sticks, to play there was a fire un-der it.

“Then he coaxed me to let him cut off my old doll’s arm, to throw in-to the pot, — or ‘caul-dron,’ as he said it was, — for a charm.

“I cried a lit-tle, for I loved my old rag doll, Meg, more than my bet-ter and new-er ones. But Carl said the witch-es must have a child’s hand in the caul-dron to make the charm work; so I let him do it, and I bound up poor Meg’s stump of an arm with all

care, and gave her a great deal of love and pit-y, for some days.

“Then we all put on old caps, and hats, and tag-rags, and Carl had a stick to stir up the pot, and made us all march round and round it, and sing, —

‘Doub-le, doub-le, toil and troub-le:
Fire burn, and caul-dron bub-ble.’

Then, when we got through, we rode off on broom-sticks.”

“O, what a queer play!” cried Rose.

“Yes; I am sure I can-not tell

where the child could have heard all that stuff. He must have heard some one read a play that has those two lines in it, and picked up the rest."

"I should not like to play witch," said Rose; "and I would not *let* a boy cut off my doll's arm!"

"I do not think it was a ver-y good play," said mam-ma, "though it made us laugh, at the time.

"I think of one more play that he got up one day, but I

should not like to have you play *that*."

"What was it, mam-ma?"

"Carl had been told the sto-ry of the priests who marched round a great cit-y sev-en times, and blew with their trum-pets; and when they had gone all round it sev-en times, they gave a great shout, and the walls of the cit-y fell down, and the men of war went in, and took the cit-y, and all that was in it."

"You have told us that sto-ry,

too, mam-ma," said Tom. "It is in the Bi-ble — is-n't it?"

"Yes; well, Carl got the boys out one day, with horns cut from pump-kin vines, such as you had for 'Lit-tle Boy Blue;' and they marched round and round the house, blow-ing their horns, and now and then they would stop and shout.

"Moth-er went out to ask what they were do-ing, and Carl said, 'We want to see the walls fall down!'"

“O, what a fun-ny boy ! Did he think they would ? ”

“Why did you say you did not want us to play that, mam-ma ? ” said Rose.

“Be-cause, dear, it was by the word of God that the priests did that, and it was by His pow-er that the walls of the cit-y fell at last, and it is not right to make sport of the words of God.

“Carl was a bit of a boy, not old-er than Ned, when he got up

this play, and he did not think of this.”

“Was it wrong for us to play Jo-seph, mam-ma?” said Rose.

“That was not just the same thing. I do not know that there was a-ny harm in that. It was the acts of men that you took for your play.

“But I think the best rule is, on the whole, not to play with the words of the Bi-ble, or Bi-ble stories. My lit-tle ones have games e-nough with-out that.”

“Yes, mam-ma,” said Rose;
“and we will have that for *our*
rule — won’t we, Tom?”

Tom said, Yes, to this, and so
did the lit-tle ones; but they did
not quite know what it meant.

XXI.

GOOD BY.

AND now we have come to the end of this book, too; and we must say Good by to our Five Hap-py Chil-dren.

I should like to take you through the fall, with them, and to the time when the new church was done, and they had a min-is-ter to preach in it.

And tell you how a nice Sun-

day school was be-gun, and Aunt Kate took care of the lit-tle ones, — the In-fant Class, as it was called, — and what a nice teach-er she made.

Then of the fine sleigh-rides, when win-ter came, with the two hor-ses, which, of course, could go fast-er with a big load of chil-dren than Dick could a-lone.

And how fast Rose and Tom got on with their les-sons that win-ter; and how Ned and I-da al-most learned to read, too.

But, dear me! if I should go on in this way, year by year, we should need a big tea box, or some such large box, to hold the Rose Dale books!

I hope you have liked my story, and I hope that what I have told you of Rose, Tom, Ned, I-da, and ba-by Bell, will help to keep one thing in your mind:—

That is, that the way for dear lit-tle chil-dren to be hap-py is, to love each oth-er, and be kind to each oth-er; to mind their pa-pa

and mam-ma, and those who may have charge of them ; and to love God, to love His ho-ly Word, and try to do His will.

This makes me think of one thing. As I have told you that Rose liked to try to make up verses, I will just put in a few lines that she wrote when she was a-bout nine years old, which you may like to see :—

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.

“One thing I am sure of,
That moth-er knows best;
And if I mind my moth-er,
She'll care for the rest.

“For when but a ba-by,
She nursed me with care,
And made a great ma-ny
Nice clothes for my wear.

“And when I was old-er,
She taught me to talk:
How de-light-ed she was
When I first learned to walk!

“Then she is much old-er
And wis-er than I;
So to please this dear moth-er,
I’ll faith-ful-ly try.

“Yes, I’ll love and I’ll hon-or
My fath-er and moth-er,
And try to be kind
To each sis-ter and broth-er.”

I dare say you have nice hymns
to tell you this same thing; but as

such a lit-tle girl wrote these lines,
I thought you would like to read
them.

It may be, that at some time, if
I find that the dear lit-tle ones like
these books, I may be a-ble to
make some more Rose Dale books,
and tell you more of these five
hap-py chil-dren, as they grew
old-er.

But I must not prom-ise, for I
may not be a-ble to do it.

I think I have kept my prom-ise
to make you some books with but

few hard words in them — have I not ?

And I do not want to make a prom-ise which I am not sure that I can keep as well.

And now, Good by. God bless you, my dear lit-tle read-ers, and keep you in His ho-ly ways, for Je-sus' sake !



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